## BREAKING A RECORD. BY OWEN HALL.

Author of "The "Track of a Storm." (Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.)

PART I.

The world is said to be really run by its enthusiasts, and it may be true for anything I know to the contrary, but I am pretty sure from personal experience that the enthusiasts themselves don't always enjoy the process of running it. Take my own case, for instance: I am an enthusiastic bleycle rider-I have been branded by inconsiderate acquaintances as a bicycle fiend-and here was I, at the moment when this unvarnished tale begins, feeling very clearly and unpleasantly that I wasn't in it. Now, this was all the worse because I had been decidedly in it during the four lays of our hill picnic at the cave temples of Murishabad. As a stranger bringing good introductions, I had been received with the open arms of Indian military soclety, and the fact that I had come to make a tour of India on my bleycle had given me something of the vogue that attaches all the world over to anything specially eccentric. I had been persuaded to abandon my original idea of making the hill journey from Koondewalla to Murishabad on my wheel, which had gone up in one of the wagons, and in spite of all my enthusiasm I would willingly have let it go back in the same way had I not felt ashamed to seem so far to renounce my freely-expressed opinions.

I felt very much, I confess, like the engineer hoist with his own petard that morning as I stood watching the last of our cavalcade winding down the mountain road, and felt that I was condemned by my own choice to a more or less solltary journey as the only representative of the new locomotion. I glanced round at the site of our now deserted picnic camp by way of taking a last farewell before leaving. There was little left, indeed, even now, except the site, for already the little crowd of retainers, conspicuous in their turbans and white linen garments, had struck the remaining tents and nearly completed the stowage of the thousand and one pieces of baggage which go to make up the strict essentials of an Indian plenic. The place had been well chosen and picturesque, and even now the open glade, where the giant teakwood trees cast heavy shadows on the grass and the level sunlight lay in flecks and splashes of gold, formed a scene to delight an artist. Four or five wagons, drawn by pairs of mild-eyed zebu oxen, were receiving the last of their loads, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the rear guard of the plenic party would have started, and the mountain glade which had re-echoed to so much laughter and been the witness to so great an amount of pleasure would be left to its solitude

As my eye lingered over its last survey of the place something unconsciously led it upward from the level of the camp to a point on the hillside, where, as I re-mem-bered, a well-defined path ran along the slepe between clumps of tall bamboos and stately tobacco plants. The path had been a favorite one, and perhaps it was this that led me to glance up at it for a final farewell. As I did so, however, I was startled by the apparition of the head and shoulders of a man cautiously peering out from the screen of shrubbery and leaves. It was a noticeable face, with a pair of fiery bright eyes that even in the distance gleamed and sparkled with what seemed to me an expression of deadly hatred, as he watched the proceedings of the rvants, and then glanced quickly down the road after the retreating party on horseback. The face was a startling one, and its expression made it still more impressive, and it was several minutes be-fore I could shake off the impression that it beded no good to the party which he watched so intently. He did not seem to notice me, or perhaps he felt sure he was concealed, for he remained as if in thought for a minute or two, and then suddenly disappeared.

was not without a sense of vague uneasiness that I mounted my bicycle and followed the party, whose voices and laughter could still be heard from time to time, although a bend in the mountain road had hidden them from sight. A minute or two of the familiar exercise reconciled m to my choice of locomotion, even at the expense of company. There was something in the smooth, gliding motion, silent, easy and eminently independent, that seemed well suited to the place; none of the heavy, lumbering galt of the elephant; no nervous like those of a high-spirited horse erfect independence and control, with an amount of exertion hardly greater, while he freedom of action was all in favor of machine.

I had soon overtaken the others and made one of the little cavalcade that was making the most of the morning hours to diminish the march of forty miles that between us and the cantonments of Koon Fortunately, it was all down hill. and the road, though in its upper parts little more than a good mountain track, was smooth and good. For my own part, though the sun was hot, my effort was so though the sun was hot, my effort was so trifling that in the comparatively cool air of the high table land I was quite able to erfoy the scenery, and the oriental features of the landscape, which had not yet had time to lose their charm since I had landed a month before at Bombay. We made good progress and by the time was made good progress, and by the time we reached the spot that had been chosen for our midday halt and meal we began to feel that we had diminished a good deal of the 1,800 feet that represented the difference in elevation of the temples at Murishabad and the cantonments at Koondewalla. teakwood trees, the most striking feature of the vegetation of the higher evel, were rapidly giving way to masses of tropical-looking foliage and shrubs. There were still great trees, indeed, but the wide-spreading banyans, with their many stems and fig-like foliage, the wool tree, with its vast leaves, and the stately tobacco plants were becoming more and more mingled with the palms and the hundred other vegetable forms that tell so unmis takably of a tropical forest.

The spot chosen for our halt was a romantic one, and it was rendered still more so by the close neighborhood of an old hill fort, said to have a dark history in the old Mahratta wars, and even to have been used as a robber stronghold in much more modern times. The preparations for lunc were not yet complete, and it was proposed that we should spend the time of valting in exploring the old fort. It stood but a short distance—perhaps 200 yards—to one side of the road on which we were, and the idea was hailed as a good one and acted upon at once, at least by the younger memhers of the party. Most of us dismounted and sought one or the other of the forest paths which appeared to promise a short cut to the fort, the top of which, dark and threatening looking, could be seen rising out of the masses of tropical jungle that lay between us and the higher ground on which the old robber fastness had been

Perhaps it was a little spice of native obstinacy that led me to cling to my bi-cycle instead of joining one of the parties on foot, whose laughing voices made the echoes of the jungle ring with the unaccustomed sounds of pleasure and amuse-ment. Reasons are nearly always mixed, and I didn't take the trouble to analyze my own as I once more mounted and pur-sued the road we had been traveling a lit-ille farther, in search of the place where it must be joined by the path leading up to the fort. In a minute or two I had reached it. The old fort builders had made ro attempt to conceal the approach to their stronghold, and I paused for a moment to admire the unstinted use of patient labor that had been spent in hewing away the beetling granite crag, round the foot of which it swept to join the main road. The sounds of laughter higher up the hill, however, made me face the steep ascent, and was only after five minutes of rather harder work than was pleasant that I found myself on the level of the fort. Even here I was not at the actual level of the entrance, for the ground dipped once more into a hollow rising suddenly to the rulnous

I glanced round and saw that as yet none

of the others had arrived. The hollow be fore me was not deep, and, letting my bi-cycle go, the impetus of the descent carried me with a rush up to the very entrance. I was in the very act, and within a few yards of the gateway, when my eyes met a man's face looking out at me through the shadow



It Was the Face Again. of the arch. It was the face again-the very same face which had fascinated me with the malignant gaze it had fixed on our last night's encampment from the hillside some hours before. The thought flashed through my mind with an irresistible conviction. The face was the same-the same marked features, the same eager, gleaming eyes, the very same deadly flerce expres-sion which had startled me in the morning. It flashed out upon me from the shadows cast by the crumbling gateway for an in-stant, and in the same instant it was gone. More startled now than I should have ared to own, I leaped from my machine and shouted a welcome to the others of our party, who were now beginning to straggle by twos and threes from the jungle. My victory was acknowledged by the rest, and we proceeded to explore the old building. To my surprise, there was not a sign of the man whose face I had just seen—he had utterly disappeared. The fort seemed to afford no place where he could lie concealed, and it was with a sense of uneasy astonishment that I failed to find him. The rest of the party were disposed to laugh at what they called my apparition, and even identified it with the old Mahratta chief who had built the fort. I couldn't laugh myself out of the idea, however, nor shake off the uneasiness which it cost me, and, after spending a few minutes in convincing myself that the man was really gone, I remounted and re-turned by the way I had come.

Col. Maitland had stayed, with the more matured portion of our party, at the spot selected for the luncheon, and there I found rim, sested on a camp stool, and watching, with all the interest of a well-seasoned East Indian, the preparation for the meal. "Back first, Hall?" he exclaimed, as I rode up to where he sat under the ample shade of the wide-spreading tree. "You made short work of the fort, then." I had already decided to tell the colonel my adventure, so I at once explained to him what I had seen, mentioning the apparent identity of the men I had noticed.
"You think he was the same man, Mr. Hall, do you?" he said.
"Well, sir, I hardly like to say so, it

The colonel looked thoughtfully around for a moment. "Well," he said at last, "most likely it's a mere coincidence, but I hood has been getting a bad reputation up at the fort that they had better hurry ck for luncheon? Don't alarm the ladies,

of course, but get them to come. The colonel's manner impressed me, and in another half minute I was retracing the path I had already traveled a few minutes

## PART II.

It was with a sense of relief, which, in spite of the shadowy nature of my grounds for anxiety, was considerable, that I saw the whole party safely collected at the pleasant plenic meal which had been prepared under the widespreading shade of the great tanvan tree. I fancied I could say with a threatening motion the great tanvan tree. I fancied I could say with a threatening motion the great tanvan tree. I fancied I could say with a threatening motion the special say of the great tanvan tree. I fancied I could say with a threatening motion the special say of the s make out a corresponding look of relief on the colonel's face, and detected him more than once in a quick, alert glance around him, but I was conscious that this might have been a mistake, and I could even fancy that the old fellow was chuckling inwardly over my credulity in being so easily alarmed. At any rate, nothing of an alarming character happened, and the luncheon, with its luxurious leisure, was the counterpart of those we had enjoyed throughout the days of our mountain picnic. Whatever effect my story might have had on the colonel's mind, it was by no means apparent in his actions, for he certainly didn't attempt to cut short the time allotted for the midday halt. Looking at him, as I confess I did from time to time, it seemed to me that he had quite resumed his ordinary easy-going manner, and I came to the conclusion that I had made rather a fool of myself by speaking to him

Our halt must have lasted nearly three hours, and the heavy, still atmosphere of the afternoon had fully reconciled us to the pleasant idleness of the moment, when hind in the morning served as a reminder that the afternoon was slipping away. The word was given to start once more, and by the time the tops of the slowly moving wagons had disappeared round the first bend in the read below us we were nearly ready to follow them. The ladies were about to mount their horses, and I fancied I could observe a few uneasy glances cast at my bicycle, as if they were uncertain how far its rear neighborhood would be conducive to the good behavior of the animais. It was annoying, but there was no help for it, and making a virtue of necessity I mounted and prepared to act as an advance guard. My annoyance was little more than momentary, for there is some thing in the motion of my wheel that always seems to soothe my nerves, and before half a minute had passed I found my self spinning smoothly down the long and gentle slope, at the further end of which I could see, through the vista of sunlight and shadow, the hooded ox wagons that contained the main part of the by no means inconsiderable baggage of our party. It was pleasant to glide swiftly, yet with-out an effort, over the elastic turf check-ered by the light and shade of the overhanging trees, and to see the long succes-sion of gorgeous tropical plants and shrubs that hedged in the sloping road on one side, confronted by the abrupt masses of rock that rose, wreathed in creepers and gemmed with flowers, on the other. There was no need of exertion, for after the first few moments the incline was more than sufficient to insure speed, so that I had ample leisure to look about me as I went. Even now the thought of my apparition was partly present in my mind, although as I swept past the spot where the hill path to the old fort joined the road on which I was traveling, I had the pleasant impression that I was leaving it behind few moments the incline was more than impression that I was leaving it behind.
In spite of this, I was conscious that it
was to the upper side of the road that my eyes turned involuntarily, and that see nned with quick, sharp glances the holscanned with quick, sharp glances the hol-lews that opened among the rocks, and the chemps of iuxuriant vegetation as I swept past them on my downward course. Sud-denly, just as I was smiling at myself for my action, I saw him again. This time there could be no mistake. He had not seen me coming, I feel sure, and of course my wheel made no sound on the soft path, but suddenly, within a Gozen yards in front the same figure I had seen twice before sprang out of the bushes on the very edge of the same figure I had seen twice before sprang out of the bushes on the very edge of sprang out of the busines on the very edge of the rocky wall, which at that spot rose per-haps twenty-five feet above the road. He had a gun in his hand, and tied to the

swept past at Its feet. His eyes were fixed on some point further down the road as I did so, and even then I don't think he would have been aware of my presence. What did it mean? I looked over my shoulder and saw our party—some thirty in all, of whom ten were ladies—cantering down the road three or four hundred yards behind. I could imagine I heard their laughter as they seemed in the road as I don't think he was the road as I don't think he would be a seemed the road as I don't think he would be a seemed to be a se laughter as they came on.

There was danger—danger of some kind, I was sure—in the action I had



This Time There Could Be No Mistake

just seen. If a face, and the expression of a face, went for anything, the danger was imminent and deadly. As the conviction flashed across my mind I tried to think what was to be done. Unless he has actually tried it, no one can tell how hard a task it is to think under such conditions of emergency. The danger evidently lay in front, where, some two or three hundred yards off, the ox-wagons were traveling along unconsciously, but the party against whom it must be aimed were still behind. I nesitated for a moment, and then feeling the necessity of doing something, I turned half round in my saddle and, waving my arm frantically over my head, I shouted the words: "Halt! Danger! Back!" I hadn't tried to stop, and it was probably fortu-rate that I hadn't, for the echo of my last word was still ringing in my ear, and my eyes were still fixed on the party behind me to see what effect my warning had produced, when something whistled closely past me, and at the same moment the sharp report of a gun startled all the echoes of

Had I thought for an hour I could have hit on no better plan for giving the alarm, and even as I involuntarily bent my head, as if to escape the shot, it was a sensation of no little relief that I heard it. At the same moment, and while I was in the act of looking back again to see what effect it had bad my be added. had had, my hand went instinctively to the to get a shot at my apparition in return for his own. I had almost instinctively swerved toward the wall of rock when I heard the report, and now I exerted myself to check my speed. Fortunately I was not yet going so fast as to make this difficult, and in a very few seconds I found myself able to throw myself hastily from the bicycle under shelter of the cliff. It was only a matter of moments, and as I turned the machine and remounted I heard a shout and the sound of half a dozen shots from the direction where I could see that the wagons had stopped and were now huddled together. "Sicily over again, I guess," I muttered

to myself, savagely, as I bent over my wheel and, skirting the rock as closely as I could, put all my strength into the effort to get back to the spot where I had seen my unprovoked assailant. It was a differmy unprovoked assailant. It was a different matter from the descent, indeed, but yet it was far from steep, and my chief effort was to keep myself concealed, partly to avoid a second shot and partly to give myself a better chance of taking my savagalogking friend unawares. "Well, sir, I hardly like to say so, it myself a better chance of taking my seems so unlikely, but I confess I do think age-looking friend unawares, so as turn his advantage that it made it impossible for me to catch sight of our party. Straight as the road had looked to me riding in the middle, or perhaps a little nearer the trees, there was evidently a bend, and there was evidently a bend, and now as a crept up close to the cliff it shut me off from a view of the upper stretch.

After all, it was only for a minute or so, and then noting the spot where the rock rese bare and rugged and gripping my revolver—a large and serviceable one—in my hand. I swerved into the middle of the road with a quick and noiseless rush. My idea had been a good one. As I came in sight of the top of the rock once more my friend was in the very act of turning and the momentary glance which got like a flash of light at his face, seemed to me to show a savage, well satisfied smile on his dark features. In a moment

> clamation, as with a threatening motion of his arm he plunged into the tangled mass of bushes behind him. I couldn't be certain that I had hit him, but the rest of our party evidently thought so, for they shouted: "Well done! Good shot!" by way storming the place," he said, decidedly.
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> "Indeed I am utterly at a loss to underof greeting my return.
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> They had halted near where the path to

rode a few paces forward to meet me and greeted me with the words: "That was a good idea of yours; glad you got the scoundrel." "I hope I did, colonel," I replied, vindictively.

dictively. "Do you suppose there are many of them?" I added. "A good many, I should say, otherwise they would never have attempted an attack." I glanced round, and even my unmilitary eyes could see that our present position was quite untenable. The colonel noticed my lock.

more than one of the horses looked uneasily at my bicycle, so I pushed on up the incline, glancing, I confess, suspiciously from side to side as I went, expecting every moment to hear the whistle of a bullet or the report of a gun. Nothing hap-pened, however, and in two or three min-utes I had once more surmounted the rather steep ascent and saw the old fort not 100 yards in front. I was not the first, for even as I topped the ridge I caught sight of three or four villainous-looking fellows with guns in their hands running

down the path and making for the en-trance of the fort. "Barely in time, after all," I muttered to myself, as I took advantage of the change of grade and shot silently down the track after them.

As I went I congratulated myself once more on my mount. The hoofs of my steed, at any rate, were noiseless, and more on my mount. The hoofs of my steed, at any rate, were noiseless, and I could easily see that the men in front were entirely ignorant of my coming. I gave the machine free scope, and we rushed down the slope at something approaching racing speed. The men were running fast, but it is needless to say that they seemed almost at a standstill when compared to the pace at which I overhauled them. I was within twenty yards of them before I made up my mind what I should do. I had the revolver in my hand ready to fire, and yet I was in doubt. So far these men had done me no harm, and whatever they might be about to do, I hardly felt prepared to fire at them in cold blood. I was close behind them now, and something must be done. They had reached the little hollow from which the path rose for about thirty or forty yards to the entrance of the fort, and I was close behind them, coming noiselessly in their track. I lifted the revolver and fired between the two men most directly in front of me. They were close together, and the bullet must have whistled in the ear of each as if it had been aimed at them. With a startled exclamation that was almost a scream, the two men leaped asunder, and at the same moment my bicycle swept like a flash between them and up the incline beyond.

It was all done in a moment. I saw the start, which for the moment paralyzed all ear of each as if it had been aimed at them. With a startled exclamation that was almost a scream, the two men leaped asunder, and at the same moment my bicycle swept like a flash between them and up the incline beyond.

It was all done in a moment. I saw the start, which for the moment paralyzed all

mustle was his loosened turban, which he waved three times over his head—he was still in the very act of waving it when I swept past at its feet. His eyes were fixed and the impetus I had gained as I came



I Hesitated No Longer.

ruinous gateway of the old fort before any of the party had recovered sufficiently to put his gun to his shoulder. The surprise had been complete, and I was in possession of our place of refuge in time. Perhaps they had really thought there was something supernatural about me, for, no scoper, did I throw myself from the black. sooner did I throw myself from the bicycle than they seemed to recover them-selves and prepared to fire. There was nothing to be gained by exposing myself, and I had just sheltered myself in the angle of the gateway when two shots, one after the other, passed closely by me, and the reports of the rifles rang out sharply overhead. Two only, I thought to myself; the others must be following me up. I looked out quickly, and I was just in time, for the two men were almost upon me. Each had his gun in his hand, and behind them I could see the others coming up the slope. I hesitated no longer, but step-ping out into the middle of the gateway, I fired. The man nearest me stumbled and fell heavily on his face not a dozen yards before me, and my finger was just about to press the trigger a second time when the man who was next leaped suddenly into the air and rolled over on the ground almost at my feet. At the same moment the sharp report of a rifle announced the arrival of our party at the top of the hill path. My other two assailants heard it as soon as I did, and by common consent darted off into the dense cover of shrubs and undergrowth that hedged in the track on either side.

PART III.

The ladies, a little pale and tremulous at the sight of bloodshed, had been assisted from their saddles and the horses led into the ruinous-looking courtyard of the fort. belt under my loose coat where I had religiously carried my revolver in its case since my arrival in the country. I had made up my mind now. It was useless to go on in the hope of warning the wagon drivers, for if the shot hadn't done so, nothing would. My place was clearly with my party and in the meantime that is the trying time, especially if the next act in the drama is doubtful, I think; or at any rate it seemed so to me, as I stood a little apart, looking out through my party, and in the meantime my desire, the gateway and watching the strange which somehow was a very keen one, was effect of the blaze of the western sun



A Glimmer of Something White Among the Green.

is it fell on the two white heaps that lay still and motionless among the ferns and flowers that encroached upon the road.
"We have all to thank you, Mr. Hall, for a most important service very ably carried said the colonel, coming up behind

me.
"Don't speak of it, colonel," I said; "it is really my machine that deserves the thanks. I guess you'll have to introduce the bicycle into India for military purposes.'

"For some purposes I can see it would

"No: certainly not with any idea of storming the place," he said, decidedly. "Indeed, I am utterly at a loss to understand the business. I can only imagine the fort joined our road, and in another minute I had joined them. About half of the men had ridden back to where the wagon that was to have followed us with the pharaphernalia of our lunch was still standing and it was Col. Maitland who cursing the situation in low tones. My cussing the situation in low tones. My eyes glanced absently along the edge of he fringe of jungle which bounded view, when suddenly they were arrested by the glimmer of something white among the green, and the next moment there was a sharp "ping" in the air close to me and a bullet struck the stone arch just

exclaimed the colonel, "I thought so, gentlemen. In the meantime, Mr. Hall, pray come under shelter—there seem to be

over my head.

military eyes could see that our present position was quite untenable. The colonel noticed my look.

"Bates tells me that we can easily hold the old fort," he added, "till we can somehow send in word to the cantonment. We have guns enough with us, I think, and the principal difficulty will be to get through the scoundrels."

There couldn't be a doubt about the correctness of the colonel's remark, for to travel such a road beset with armed enemies looked the nearest thing to impossible. The ladles behaved well. There were no screaming, no tears, and no hysterics, and within two or three minutes we were on our way up the hill track to the fort, the men in front and behind, and the ladles in the middle. I noticed that the ladles in the middle, I noticed that the ladles is the ladles are the ladles are the ladles are the ladles in the middle, I noticed that the ladles is the ladles are the little party of perhaps are toward the little party of perhaps are the suggestion, and strolled over toward the little party of perhaps a dozen men with whom the colonel was talking. As I came nearer them the first words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the suggestion, and strolled over toward the little party of perhaps adozen men with whom the colonel was talking. As I came nearer them the first words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were from one of the young-two words I heard were f dence at once. The fact is, I am dence at once. The fact is, I am in a serious difficulty, as you can see. We must communicate with the troops at once, but the difficulty is how to do it. These fellows won't attack us here—at any rate not in daylight—and they probably rely upon starving us into some kind of terms. It is important, not only that we should be restarving us into some kind of terms. It is important not only that we should be relieved, but that this kind of thing should be put an end to at once for all. A single company, or, at the most, two, of the Ghoorkas from Koondewalla would do it in half an hour, if we could only let them in half an hour, if we could only let them

"I'll ride down, colonei!" said the young man who had spoken before, eagerly. "My horse is only too fresh, and he'd do it in two hours at the outside."
"Your horse, Mr. Chambers, is a gray, if I am not mistaken—what chance do you suppose either you or he would have of getting through? No! I have thought of all that, and am convinced that it is

of all that, and am convinced that it is hardy possible on horseback. The only hope would be on foot, or, "and here the colonel paused uneasily. "I guess the bicycle would have a better chance still, wouldn't it, colonel?" I said. "That was the very remark I was making as you came up, Mr. Hall, only some of us are inclined to think it unfair that nors of war should fall to you.

of us are inclined to think it unfair that all the honors of war should fall to you."

"Oh, as to the honors, colonel, I'm not particular about them, but it strikes me we're all in the same boat, and the point is who has the best chance of getting to shore. When all's said and done, colonel, I guess that's me."

The colonel turned to me and held out his hand cordially. "I knew you'd say so," he said, "and I thank you from my soul, sir, Of course, there is danger—great danger, I'm afraid, even with your bicycle but there cannot be a doubt that it gives you a vast advantage over any of the rest of us, and I believe on my soul that you'll do it."

Unwilling, as I could easily see all the others were to surrender to me the post of danger, the truth of the reserved.

one of the native servants finding his way through, but in this case we had no one to send, as not one of them had been mounted, send, as not one of them had been mounted, and, therefore, they must either have been taken or dispersed at the first alarm. It was clear that I had a better chance on my bicycle than any one could have on foot, as in either case we must have kept to the track or road, being wholly unequal to finding a way through the jungle. I confess, however that the more we discussed. however, that the more we discussed it the less promising it appeared. It was clear that I must wait for night to come on, as it would be impossible to run the gauntlet of the road in daylight, but even then the dangers seemed hardly less. A good part of the road was through the open forest such as we had met with during the morning's journey, but part of it ran through a gorge or cleft in the mountains where the jungle was thick, and which we heard as we came up had been the seene of a good many ac-cidents with tigers of late. I found myself mentally noting the various points of danger, and I confess they seemed formid-able. There was first the road close at hand where I must run the gauntlet of no one could say how many enemies; then, if I passed them, there was the risk—by no means a trifling one in the dark—of losing my way, and even if all went well so far, there seemed an excellent prospect of add ing one more tiger tragedy to the ill-omened jungle that filled the long gorge leading out of the higher levels of the table land.

The colonel's expectations had so far been justified, for, excepting an occasional shot at any of the party who exposed himself, no attempt had been made to attack us. Little by little the remainder of the afternoon slipped away. The sun sank lower and lower toward the western horizon, until at last his rim was dipping behind the dense fringe of forest that bounded our view in that direc ticn. I was beginning to think that in a very short time the moment would arrive for my adventure, and to pull myself to-gether to meet with coolness the calls it would probably make upon my nerve and re sources, when I was roused by a shout from overhead, where two of the party were stationed as lookouts. At the same moment Col. Maitland came hastly out of the large apartment which had been allotted to the ladies. "I believe they're going to try it after all. Have you a rifle, Hall?" "No, colonel, but this is good enough, and I know what I am doing with it," I replied

as I crossed the yard at his side. There wer already some half dozen men arched gateway, each armed with a gun of some sort. Most of them, it is true, were



"Now," he said, "Fire."

sporting guns of one kind or another, but at such close quarters as we were likely to have these were as good as any. "Stand back!" the colonel cried, "and don't fire till they're close to the gateway." We drew back to the inside of the short, arched passage, and it was well we did so, for almost instantly a hot fire was poured into the mouth of the entrance by a wide circle of marksmen who sprung up among the shrubs and ferns on the targled edge of the jungle. Suddenly it ceased, and the colonel's voice said, quietly: "Wait till I give the word!" We had only a second or two to wait, for with a rish and a cry a number of men with dark faces and white turbans hurled themselves at the mouth of the gateway. They surged into the passage till they seemed to be almost upon us.
"Now," he said, "fire!"

We fired, every man straight before him, into the leaping, struggling, of evil-looking, dark faces. the guns, we rushed in upon them. How it happened I don't know, but they seemed to melt away before us as we rushed forward. Ore or two were partly down and struck flercely at those of us who were nearest them, and were in turn beaten to the ground with gun stocks, but none of the ground with gun stocks, but none of the others waited. They were yards in front of us as we emerged from the gateway.

"Back!" shouted the colonel, "back!" We fell back just in time, for a number of shots were fired and two of our party were shots were fired and two of our party were slightly wounded before we had regained the shelter of the old arched passage. We waited, somewhat breathlessly, for a renewal of the assault, but none came.

With all the characteristic rapidity of the tropics the light waned, now that the sun had gone down, and the shadows closed in soft and mysterious, on the forest and jungle. We had examined the little heap of bodies in the gateway, but none of them appeared to have any life left to care for. We dragged the bodies to one side, so as to leave a passage, and, having done so, we waited for the darkness.

## PART IV.

"I won't attempt to conceal from you Mr. Hall," the colonel said to me quietly, as we stood in the dark court yard perhaps an hour after the attack, "either the danger or the importance of this venture of yours. I think, even if we are attacked again, that we shall beat them off, but as you see, without relief we are practically at their mercy in the end, as we have no food, though, thank God, we shall have plenty of water from the well."

"Look here," I said, "colonel, I think I can pretty well guess what the risks are, and I'm willing to take the chances for the sake of the ladies, even if it wasn't about the best chance for myself as far as I can figure it up, so don't trouble about that. I may get through, and, again, I may not. Perhaps the odds are a shade on the wrong side, but you give me just seven hoursthat's three to go and four to come backbefore you try anything else. If you don't before you try anything else. If you don't hear of me by that time, you may reckon I've got into trouble, colonel—but somehow I don't think it'll come to that."

The old man put out his hand to me in the dark, and I gripped it hard. "It's time I was going now." I added. "Say good-bye for me to the ladies, colonel, and expect me back soon after daylight."

back soon after daylight."

I gave his hand another shake, and led my bleycle out through the gateway, keeping clear of the side where we had piled the bodies, though I seemed to myself to make out the heap in the dark, and I pushed on to get past it. The colonel followed me to the entrance, and stood under the heavy shadow to see me off. I crept cautiously out into the grayer darkness, and the last thing I heard was the colonel's whispered farewell: "Good-bye. We'll look

for you in the morning."

It was dark—the soft, mellow darkness It was dark—the soft, menow unitarious of the tropical night. I could see the road that led up to the fort, like a grayer belt that led up to the alope before me, hedgstretching down the slope before me, hedged in by the darker shade of the overgrown wilderness on each side. Would it be safe to mount? Not yet, I thought, as I looked anxiously around me. The slope, I felt sure, was a place of danger, because there, if anywhere, a watch was sure to be kept, and the slope might at any mo-ment bring me against the sky line from the point of view of some watcher. I de-termined to wait till I reached the bottom, although I knew that I must by that means lose all the assistance which the slope would have given me. I bent myself al-most double as I crept on: I draw the blay most double as I crept on; I drew the bicy-cle toward me till it, too, seemed to creep

along the ground. The stillness was intense. Not a breath of air seemed stirring, not a sound rose up under the stient heaven. I held my breath under the silent heaven. I beld my breath as I went, and yet the beating of my heart for a moment, but it was for a moment made a sound in my ears that seemed as loud as a drum. For the moment all my faculifies seemed absorbed by that of hearing. On and on—a single step at a time, with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after the beating of my heart stood still to a moment, but it was for a moment only. Then the hot, swift blood rushed through my veins in a fiery tide. I didn't think, but I knew that my one hope of escape lay in the speed of my bicycle. I flattered myself that I might do wonders a single step at a time, with a pause after each, till at last I reach—with a pause after each till at last I as I went, and yet the beating of my heart made a sound in my ears that seemed as loud as a drum. For the moment all my faculities seemed absorbed by that of hearing. On and on—a single step at a time, with a pause after each, till at last I reached the bottom. I waited a moment to listion. My fancy conjured up dark figures everywhere I turned my eyes, but there was not a sound. Should I mount now? Once more I decided against it. I looked ahead, and I could just make out the dim gray ribbon of the path stretching up into the darkness. I crouched and followed it. I had no idea it had been so long. I could have sworn it had taken me an hour to climb the slope down which I had seemed to impose the first of the slope down which I had seemed to myself to fly only two or three hours in the jungle grass. My neart stood still was for a moment only. It was for a moment only. Then the hot, swift blood rushed through my veins in a fiery tide. I didn't think, but I knew that my one hope of escape lay in the speed of my bicycle. I flattered myself that I might do wonders if I chose on a track, but no racing track could possibly have held out such a prize as was before me now.

I bent forward over the wheel. I strained and still each nerve and sinew to its utmost tension, and still each nerve and fiber of my body seemed to listen. I could hear it still—swift, stealthy, untiring, cruel as death, it seemed to filt through the jungle—a sound—only a soft brushing sound, but more terrible in its stealthy quietness than the loudest and most startling noise. On! On! The slope

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before, but at last I had reached the top. I felt that I had arrived at the most critical stage of my journey. I must mount now, and for anything I could tell my now, and for anything I could tell my mounting might be the signal for a volley from the guns of my unseen enemies. With a long breath I drew myself together, and gradually—inch by inch—raised myself to my full height—still there was not a sound. I looked around me; I did my best to peer into the heavy shadow that lay like a pall over the scene. I could see but little. Beover the scene. I could see but little. Be-hind me the irregular outline of the ruinhind me the irregular outline of the ruinous fort stood out against the soft, purple sky; on either side vague, shadowy forms mocked my efforts to penetrate the darkness: in front the forest throw a darker shade, and showed a dim outline against the heaven. With one last quick glance around me I mounted the seat.

Away! The moment I felt the accustomed sensation of the saddle and the soft, gliding motion of the wheel I felt as if I was myself again. Bending forward, that I might keep to the dim path, I threw my weight on the pedais and they seemed to respond like living things. Away! And in another minute I could feel that we were on the downward grade once more.

were on the downward grade once more were on the downward grade once more. Silently, but momentarily faster, I could feel that the wheels were turning, though in the clinging darkness I could see nothing but the gray shadow of what I knew must be the path. Darker and darker yet. The shadows crouched low and black on either hand. and black on either hand, as if preparing to spring out upon me as I passed—I felt though I cannot say that I saw them as though I cannot say that I saw them as I swept by. Ah, now I felt that I was nearing the spot where the two roads joined. The cliff was rising higher and higher on the right hand, throwing a still blacker shadow on the road, but I felt that I knew it now, and it was with a feeling of triumph that I bent forward and guided the machine in its free sweep round the wall of rock and into the wider and clearer road.

the wall of rock and into the wider and clearer road.

I could see more clearly now. The gray shadow of the road was more distinct, and I could even feel as if the trees that stretched their boughs over the road made a sort of corduroy of shadows on the track before me. But what was that in front? Something that glowed with a soft front? Something that glowed with a soft crimson halo in the darkness, and made end of the long vista down which I was looking seem like a cavern; some-thing that sparkled and gleamed, and thing that sparkled and gleamed, and flashed with an intermittent light as I came nearer. It was the glow of an unseen fire For a moment my heart grew cold. Had I come so far only to fail now? I thought of the last sight I had caught of the wagons just before the shots were fired, and I seemed to know that this was the spot chosen for an outpost by the enemy. It was beyond the bend of the road, and as I thought of it, the picture of that bend seemed to rise before me as I had seen the place on the way up some days before. I could remember that the road swept round with a bold curve and road swept round with a bold curve and fell to a long, smooth descent like a great avenue between the trees. There was no time to hesitate. Already, while these thoughts were passing through my mind, I was close to the spot. Already I could fancy I saw the fire of the quick flashes of greater and lesser light that streamed out into the road by which I was silently. out into the road by which I was silently approaching. I even thought I could hear strange voices, and catch the sound of something like a laugh. It was now or never. I gripped my revolver tightly in my hand—I bent over my wheel—with my lips pressed tight and my teeth clenched I shot round the bend and into the full glare of the firelight.



Into the Full Glare of the Firelight.

I had not been mistaken. The wagon were there, drawn to one side of the road, and there, too, in the full light of the blaze, were eight or ten dark, turbaned figures, standing or lying, their dark faces fixed in terrified astonishment, their white eyeballs gleaming and startled at the ap-parition as I swept out of the shadow above and plunged into that below them One sharp, astonished cry, that sounded like a wall, was all that I heard, and then I was past them and the road gaped be-fore me like the entrance of some black cavern. For some moments I held my breath, still expecting to feel the sting of a bullet or at least to hear the report of a gun. I did neither. The glow that followed me died away. I had passed the outpost and was free.

post and was free.

It had been a near thing, and it was some time before I had fully recovered myself. By the time I could think calmly once more of what lay before me I felt that I must have put several miles between me and the spot. I had made splendid progress, and now the road was clearly visible in the new white light that filled the eastern sky—the moon was rising. By ly visible in the new white light that filled the eastern sky—the moon was rising. By its light I could see that the forest through which I had been passing had changed its character. The stately trees had for the most part given place to tall clumps of bamboo, graceful, drooping palms of a dozen sorts, and great plumed masses of jungle grass that bent and trembled in the scarcely percentible night pregsa. It flashscarcely perceptible night breeze. It flashed into my mind that I must have reached the great gorge of which I had heard such tales. With the thought a cold feeling passed down my spine, and involuntarily I threw a quick, startled glance over my shoulder-tigers!

The shudder was followed by a quick

rush of blood that tingled all over me from head to foot, and I shook myself to throw off the feeling, which I knew to be throw off the feeling, which I knew to be one of fear. I partly succeeded, but it was creepy still. The moonlight, on which I had been congratulating myself so heartily only a few moments before, seemed now to make it worse. The gray, livid light had something about it that was surely ghastly; the little trembling shadows that were thrown by the gray clarity. were thrown by the gray clumps and palms suggested something alive; there was something ghostly in the whisper of the night air through the leaves. As the thought passed through my mind I started—I hardly knew why, but yet I started, and again that cold shiver ran down my limbs. There was nothing to be seen. limbs. There was nothing to be seen nothing, that is, but the moving panorams of leaves and grasses—nothing to be heard but the soft sigh of the night wind I listened! Listened with the intensity which is impossible except in moments when the nervous tension is almost too great for endurance. Yet there was surely something—there must have been—I knew it, though I could see nothing and couldn't even fancy I had heard any suspicious sound.

yes. There was something—some-thing that was not so much alarming as strange—a soft, low, rustling sound, that was not the movement of the tall bamboos, nor the whisper of the breeze

was down hill and I seemed even to myself to fly, but was I really going at a



There Was a Flash

that could hope to outstrip that pursuit? Suddenly on the right, where the higher ground came down to the side of the road, a great clump of jungle grass that looked livid in the pale light waved with a quick motion. There was a flash—it might have been the light from living eyes or only the light from the shaken grass—and a bar of something dark shot out of the jungle with a low, flerce, hissing snari. I crouched together instinctively, as if I had been struck, and at the same instant something passed and at the same instant something passed me. I seemed to feel a sudden warmth upon my shoulder, and it was gone. We rushed on at the same headlong speed, and yet as we went I heard a soft crash behind me among the bamboo canes on my left-the tiger had sprung, and he had

missed me I hardly know what followed my escape. I have a vague remembrance of enduring the fierce strain of a long effort—a sense of overpowering relief when I was met by the first challenge as I reached the edge of the cantonment at Koondewalia. I can remember the astonished face of Col. Gibson as he looked from me to the note I had given him and back again. His voice, however, sounded far away to my ears as he sald. "Good God, major, here's a nice business! We mustn't lose a moment; but ask the doctor to look after Mr. Hall-I'm afraid he has overdone it.'
(The end.)

MEMORY FREAKS.

The Multiple Features of Certain Minds.

From the New York Advertiser. More curious and suggestive and perhaps more valuable to the novelist than the instance of lost identity reported from a

Philadelphia hospital, are those cases of double personality in which there are two distinct series of memories and two distinct and alternating states of consciousness. To forget all the experiences of half a lifetime, to begin a new life without knowing who or what were the friends of the past or how the separation was effected, is to open wide the door to the imagination, though perhaps the reality in most cases would be found to be more strange and thrilling than anything the fancy could invent. More complicated, however, must be all the circumstances when one alternates between two distinct personalities—today one per-son with a certain group of friends, but toknowing in one state anything about the other Nearly everybody is moralist enough to remark, on reading the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, that it is not so very much overdrawn, inasmuch as in every man there are the warring elements of good and bad. Few, however, who have not followed the records of the hospitals. can believe how nearly truthful is Mr Stevenson's representation.
In the Paris hospital of Dr. Charcot was

a patient who lived a model life in one state of consciousness. He was rated the most amiable of patients and was free from even ordinary profanity. Frequently he would pass into another state in which he was in every respect the reverse, being violent, vicious and wholly intractable. What he did and the friends and acwhat he did and the triends and acquaintances he made in one state werk wholly unknown to him in the other. He would forget, when in his amiable character, or rather he never knew, what he had said while in the other, but when, after a time, he returned to his vicious self, he would remember all that related to that character. In short, he was like the man who, when intoxicated, wrote a letter which he could not read when soher, but which he could read readily on becoming inebriated again.
About two years ago a Brooklyn young

man was arrested for the crime of biganty. He had been married some years before and seemed to be devoted to his wife and children, but at times he would disappear for weeks, and on his return he professed to know nothing about where he had been or what he had done. As a matter of fact, he made the acquaintance of a young woman and after leaving her without emony returned and married her. "I was no doubt that this was a case of double personality, and he was appalled on dis-covering the truth. When he was brought before the second young woman he had no recollection of her. He was an epileptic, and it is among this class that phenomena of this kind are most frequent.

There are many other forms of double

and multiple memories persons who show two or more states of consciousness in no way related to one another. In one case an insane soldier passed through five distinct states, with all the peculiarities noted in the first-case mentioned here. Dr. Charcot explained that in this first case the two characters were due to the sole action of one or the other hemisphere of the brain, one being always in a state of suspension. He reports the cases of patients in whom he could induce either of two states of consciousness by means of hypnotic sugges-

Sometimes diseases of the memory, espe-Sometimes diseases of the memory, espe-cially in the case of epileptics, are cured by the surgeon. Thanks to the revelations of vivisection, it is possible in some cases to locate the seat of the troubles in the brain by the character of the symptoms. Certain unnatural movements of one of the hands, for instance, may reveal to the surgeon the exact spot in the brain where he must op-erate. Epileptics who had before them only the prospect of progressive disease and a painful death have been wholly restored to

health and intelligence as a result of the experiments on lower animals.

It is from a study of the diseases of the brain that the world has acquired a good deal of knowledge about memory. As we have said, memory is not a distinct faculty of the brain, but it belongs to everything that has l.fe. Every special sense has its own memory seat, and these memory centers are associated, though one may be destroyed without affecting another. Eventually what is known about memory will be utilized in a practical way in the school room, to the saving of a vast amount of impressions are received and returned are bound to become a guide to teachers. deed, to effect this is one of the purposes of Prof. Bain's work on the science of educa-

Not After a Negative.

From the Chicago Post.

She was an amateur photographer and

had been showing him the resuits of her "You developed all these negatives your

self?" he said inquiringly. "All myself," she answered, proudly.
"That's what frightens me and makes me hesitate," he said, thoughtfully. "You see, there's a question I'd like to ask, if I thought you could develop an affirmative."

Being a wise girl she lost no time in assuring him that she could if the conditions were right, and he discovered in a little less than a minute that the conditions were right. tions were just right and that the of developing an affirmative was all that has been claimed for it by the most enthus